Can crush and kill," declared the Greek, "The tongue destroys a greater horde," The Turk asserts, "than does the sword."

The Persian proverb wisely saith, "A lengthy tongue-an early death."

Or sometimes takes this form insteal: "Don't let your tongue cut off your head." "The tongue can speak a word whose speed," Say the Chinese, "outstrips the steed."

While Arab sages this impart: "The tongue's great storehouse is the heart."

From Hebrew wit the maxium sprung, "Though feet should slip, ne'er let the tongue."

The sacred writer crowns the whole, Tho keeps his tongue doth keep his soul." -New York World.

# ZEPHYR'S DOLLAR.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"Mother," said Farmer Croft, "where is Zephyr?"

Mrs. Croft looked sharply up from the butter she was working over in a wooden bowl. She was one of those querulous, complaining women whose very voice is

pitched in a minor key.
"Where is Zephyr?" she repeated, "why, where should she be? How do I know. Staring out of the garret window. I suppose, or picking yellow jonquils at the foot of the garden, or mooning away her time in anything but good, solid work. I never did see such a shiftless creetur'!'

And Mrs. Croft gave the golden mass of butter a slap first in this direction, and then in that, as if she were boxing somebody's ears.

"The place is strange to her yet," apologized Mr. Croft. "When she gets used to things, she'll be different. You see she hasn't got over fretting after her mother vet.'

"Humph!" said the woman. "I do like people to show a little common sense! She'd ought to know that no amount of fretting can bring back any one that's dead and buried! She's got to go to work and earn her own living, and the sooner she does it, the better! That's my way of lookin' at it!"

And she glared grimly after her departing husband, as he meekly withdrew into the porch.

"Zephyr!" he called, softly, down the garden path, "Zephyr!" There was no answer. The sunshine

might tread on a blue carpet of violets.

"She's down by the river bank," said "Strange how she likes to set there, and stare at the water goin' by."

Yes, Zephyr Lovell was very disconseat at the table, where cold pork was and-" served a deal oftener than hot sausages? unstudied deeds of affection that are often sweeter than any syllabled sentences -what right had she to expect such? band's penniless niece.

"Of all things," said Mrs. Croft, "deliver me from genteel paupers."

"Zephyr!" the good farmer called once more, as he neared the tall reeds and rushes that fringed the river shore; and a tall, slight figure, like an Undine, started up.

"Yes, uncle; is it you?"

"Zephyr, what are you doing here?" "I don't know," the girl listlessly an-

"The air's kind o' chill, for all the sun shines so high," said Mr. Croft, anxiously. "I dunno as I'd stay here, if I was you, Zephyr. I'd go back to the house and keep your aunt company, or help Miranda Jane with her quiltin'."

Zephyr smiled. "My aunt and I don't seem to be much company for each other, Uncle Croft," said she; "and I did try to help Miranda Jane; but she says my stitching and hers don't match at all."

"Zephyr," said the good man, with a troubled air, "I'm afraid you ain't real

happy here on the farm."
. "No, uncle, I am not," Zephyr frankly admitted; "but it isn't your fault. It's the fault of circumstances, and of myself, Pammarys are industrious collectors of I suppose. I am like a fish out of water or a poor butterfly drowning in the sea. vided themselves with many European Don't look so distressed, uncle" (laying her soft, flushed cheek against his hand); make their homes in the forests; are "things will right themselves after a while; they always do. But in the clever agriculturists; avoid trade with the meantime," with a soft, appealing look, settlers, and seldom leave their dense "could you lend me a dollar? I am so forests. They are still an uncorrupted, poor, so very poor, I haven't a penny of my own in all the world?"

too bad!" said he. "I gave mother the last money I had to pay a year's subscription to the Missionary Trumpet, and I don't exactly like to ask her to give it

the farmer cheerily, "the very next silver dollar that comes my way, you shall

Zephyr stood on tip-toe to kiss her uncle, but she said nothing. Side by side they walked up the broad gardenpath where the tiger-lilies were growing up, side by side, past the hyacinths and narcissus clumps jostling each other in highest importance to the immense but fragrant strife. On the threshold they met an old woman with a prodigious cap-frill and spectacles like moons.

"Here's the dollar we owe your folks for vinegar, Neighbor Croft," said she. "I guess you thought it never was coming. But we've just got pay for them vests me and Melindy have been workin'

"No hurry, Mis Jenkins, no hurry," said Mr. Croft, good-humoredly.

said he. "Everything comes, if we've is caused by air being imprisoned in the got patience to wait for it."

"And I hain't no patience with you, Daniel Croft!" screeched a shrill voice, in the petulant, complaining accents of From this point it expands as it cools Mrs. Croft herself, who chanced to be until the freezing point is reached, at sweeping out the entry at that moment, which time the ice occupies a space and had witnessed the whole scene. "Is about one-eleventh greater than its fordollars so plenty that you're givin' 'em mer bulk of water. An iceberg shows away to the right and to the left? If Zephyr Lovell wants money, why don't 300 feet high extends over 3000 feet into she work and earn it?"

Zephyr turned scarlet, but she held the silver doller tight in her hand, without offering to return it to the donor. Mr. Croft shrank before his wife's words, as if they had been a keen north-east

"Gently, mother; gently," said he. But Mrs. Croft's wrath was not so easily stemmed. When the avalanche of words was over, and honest Daniel looked around for his niece, Zephyr was gone. Gone for good and all. When days and weeks passed by, and she did not re-turn, Daniel Croft slowly anchored his faith to the theory (which was the true

one) that the money had been spent to take Zephyr away from the farm. She had not been happy there, and she had left the place.

"And good riddance to bad rubbish!" Mrs. Croft had said, with a certain grim exultation, which was fully seconded by her daughter, while the poor farmer sat with a forlorn look on his face, as if Zephyr's going had somehow left a va-

cuum iu his heart. Zephyr Lovell's career was not excep-She went to New York, and, tional. after sundry unsuccessful endeavors to obtain employment, got a place as attendant in a photograph gallery. The wages were small, but it was a home, and the proprietor and his wife were kind to her. And, one day an invalid lady came in to be photographed, who took a fancy to the pretty young girl with the sweet voice and the dove-like blue eyes. So Miss Lovell was promoted to the rank of companion, and when Mrs. Ingraham died, she became the wife of the wealthy widower, after a suitable period of time had elapsed. Here wes our poor little chrysalis blossomed out into brilliant butterfly-hood at last.

"I must go down to Drysart Point and see my Uncle Croft," said Zephyr, one day. And, Mr. Ingraham, who was the humblest of all slaves to his beautiful young wife, assented to her plans.

"I ought to have gone before," said Zephyr, reflectively. "Well, I did not like to go until I could pay my dear old uncle the dollar that I owe him-the dollar upon which the hinges of my destiny turned.

Farmer Croft was sitting alone on the veranda, when the carriage drove up to the door. The old house was unpainted, the fences had tumbled down, the shutters hung loose and the pin was lost out of the gate. The old man himself was shabbily clothed, and the locks, once so raven black, were now whiter than the sea-foam. He listened intently to the

sound of wheels and footsteps.
"If it's Squire Leferts," said he, "it was steeping the grass in gold. On the ain't no use. I can't pay no interest, sheltered slope south of the wall one and he'll hev' to foreclose. My wife is just up from a sick-bed, and we haven't Farmer Croft shaded his eyes with one got a dollar in the house. I've wrote to my darter Miranda Jane, and her husband has wrote back that he hasn't no money to spare, nor he can't fool away his time comin' to Drysart Point. So ye can see for yourself that it ain't no use, tented, very ungrateful, of course. Squire." But with one hand behind his Ought not any girl to rejoice and be ex- ear, and dim anxious eyes upraised, ceedingly glad of the privilege of a hard "Why don't you say something? I've bed in Mrs. Croft's attic bedroom, and a been blind since last summer's fever,

"Blind! Oh, Uncle Daniel!-blind! As for sympathetic glances, words of Don't start back; it is I, your own gentle consolation, those unobtrusive, Zephyr, come to pay you back what I

And in a second her arms were about the old man's neck, her sunny tresses Even if Mrs. Croft had known what such mingling with his snow white hair. things meant, which she didn't, she was Mrs. Croft had hobbled out by this time, not very likely to waste them on her hus- leaning on a cane, and staring in amazement.

That evening, when Zephyr and her husband were gone, old Daniel cried tri-

"Miranda Jane, the darter that we sacrificed everything to, has gone back on us, and so has the man she married; but Zephyr has come between us and the poorhouse-little quiet Zephyr, that you never had no patience with; and the dollar I gave her has been paid back with golden interest, eh, mother?"

And Mrs. Croft answered, meekly: "I dunno but what you're right, Daniel."- The Ledger.

## Indian Tribes of the Amazon.

Indian tribes of the Amazonian River Purus, the Pammarys are described by Dr. P. Ehrenreich as being pure watermen. Most of their life is spent in their canoes, and they are conspicuous by a peculiarity of their skin, which is covered with black and white spots that cause many of them to look as if they were dappled. The same skin affection exists among other tribes of the western Amazons, and is very mysterious. The caoutchouc and copaiva, and have proarticles of commerce. The Jamamadis without knowledge of navigation; are hospitable, frank, natural people. Their principal weapon is the blow-pipe, discharging poisoned arrows. The most important nation on the Purus are the Ipurinas, or Cangiti, who dwell in numerous hordes, under different names, in the head-water regions. They are a proud, warlike race, of vindictive dispositions, cunning and treacherous. They are still partly anthropophagous. Domestic animals are rarely kept among them; tobacco is taken as snuff; and poisoned weapons are generally used. In the region of the source of the Rio Acre other Indian races of great interest to ethnologists dwell, possessing richly carved huts for ceremonies, stone figures and idols. The caoutchouc trade, with its reckless gains, exercises a most disastrous effect upon the Indians; nevertheless, that element might become of the if only a judicious and conscientious treatment was adopted as the means of bringing the aborigines within the bounds of civilization .- Popular Science Monthly.

Why an Iceberg Floats. Iceberg floats for the same reason that the lump of ice in the pitcher remains upon the surface, because its specific gravity is not so great as that of the water surrounding it; in other words, ice is lighter than water. This lightness water, and in the ice as it is forming-Water shrinks in cooling until it reaches about thirty-nine degrees Fahrenheit. the water below .- Boston Cultivator.

# REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN DAY SERMON

Subject: "The Dead Sea and the River Jordan."

TEXT: "A certain man went down from

Jerusalem to Jericho."-Luko x., 30. David the poet here pictures a volcano and what Church's Cotopaxi does on painter's canyas this author does in words. You see canvas this author does in words. You see a hill, calm and still and for ages immovable, but the Lord out of the heavens puts His finger on the top of it and from it rise thick vapors intershot with fire. "He toucheth the hills and they smoke."

God is the only being who can manage a volcano, and again and again has He employed volcanic action. The pictures on the walls of Pompeii, the exhumed Italian city, as we saw them last November, demonstrate that the city was not fit to live.

monstrate that the city was not fit to live. In the first century that city, engirdled with palaces, emparadised with gardens, pillared into architectural exquisiteness was at the foot of a mountain, up the sides of which it ran, with vineyards and villas of merchant princes, and all that marble and bronze and imperial baths and arbori-culture and rainbowed fountains, and a coliseum at the dedication of which nine thousand beasts had been slain, and a supernal landscape in which the shore gave roses to the sea and the sea gave crystals to the shore, yea, all that beauty and pomp and wealth could give was there to be seen or heard. But the bad morals of the city had or heard. But the bad morals of the city had shocked the world. In the year 79, on the 4th of August, a black column rose above the adjoining mountain and spread out. Pliny says, as he saw it, like a great pine tree, wider and wider, until it began to rain upon the city first thin ashes and then pumice stone, and sulphurous fumes scooped, and streams of mud poured through the streets till few people escaped, and the city was buried, and some of the inhabitants eighteen hundred years after were found embalmed hundred years after were found embalmed in the scoriæ of that awful doom. The Lord called upon volcanic forces to obliterate that profligate city. He touched the hills and they smoked.

Nothing but volcanic action can explain Nothing but volcanic action can explain what I shall show you at the Dead Sea upon which I looked last December, and of whose waters I took a bitter and stinging taste. Concerning all that region there has been controversy enough to fill libraries, science saying one thing, revelation saying another thing. But admit volcanic action divinely employed and both testimonies are one and employed and both testimonies are one and the same. Geology, chemistry, geography, astronomy, ichthyology, ornithology and zoology are coming one by one to confirm the Scriptures. Two leaves of one book are Revelation and Creation, and the penman-ship is by the same divine hand. Our horseback ride will not be so steep to-day, and you can stay on without clinging to the pommel of the saddle, but the scenes amid which we ride shall, if possible, be more thrilling, and by the time the horses snuff the sulphurous atmosphere of Ashaltites, or the Dead Sea, we will be ready to dismount and read from our Bibles about what was done that day by the Lord when He touched the hills and they

smoked.

Take a detour and pass along by the rocky fortress of Masada, where occurred something more wonderful in the way of desperation than you ever heard of, unless you have heard of that. Herod built a palace amid these heaps of black and awful rocks which look like a tumbled midnight. A great band of robbers, about one thousand including their families, afterward held the fortress. When the Roman army stormed that steep and the bandits could no longer hold that place, their chieftain, Eleazar, made a pow-erful speech which persuaded them to die erful speech which persuaded them to die before they were captured. First the men kissed their families a loving and tearfu good-by and then put a dagger into their hearts, and the women and children were slain. Then ten men were chosen by lot to slay all the other men, and each man lay down by the dead wife and children and waited for these executioners to do their work. This done, one man of the ten killed the other nine. Then the survivor committed suicide. Two women and five children had hid themselves, and after all was over came forth to tell of the nine hundred and sixty slaugh tered. Great and rugged natural scenery makes the most tremendous natures for good or evil. Great statesmen and great robbers. great orators and great butchers, were nearly all born or reared among mountain precipices. Strong natures are hardly ever born upon the plain. When men have any-

thing greatly good or greatly evil to do they come down off the rocks. Pass on from under the shadow of Masada, the scene of concentrated diabolism, and come along where the salt crystals crackle under the horses' hoofs. You are near the most God forsaken region of all the earth. You to whom the word lake has heretofore sug-gested those bewitchments of beauty, Luzerne or Cayuga, some great pearl set by a loving God in the bosom of the luxuriant val-ley, change all your ideas about a lake, and see this sheet of water which the Bible calls the Salt Sea, or Sea of the Plain, and Josephus calls Lake Asphaltites. The mulcteers will take care of the horses while we go down to the brink and dip up the liquid mixture in the palm of the hand. The waters are a commingling of brimstone and pitch, and have six times larger percentage of salt than those of the Atlantic Ocean, the ocean hav-ing four per cent. of salt and this lake 26% per cent. Lake Sir-i-kol, of India, is the highest lake in the world. This lake, on the banks of which we kneel, is the lowest lake. It empties into no sea, among other things, for the simple reason that water cannot run up hill. It swallows up the river Jordan and makes no response of thanks, and never re-ports what it does with the twenty millions cubic feet of water annually received from that sacred river. It takes the tree branches and logs floated into it by the Jordan and pitches them on the banks of bitumen to de-

The hot springs near its banks by the ame of Callirhoe, where King Herod came to bathe off his illnesses, no sooner pour into this sea than they are poisoned. Not a fish scale swims it. Not an irsect walks it. It hates life, and if you attempt to swim there it lifts you by an unnatural buoyaney to the surface as much as to say "we want no life here, but death is our preference, death." Those who attempt to wade into this lake, and submerge themselves, come out almost maddened, as with the sting of a hundred wasp and hornets, and with lips and eyelids swollen with the strange ablution. The sparkle of its waters is not like the sparkle of beauty on other lakes, but metallic lustre like unto the flash of a sword that would thrust you. The gazelles and the ibexes that live on the hills beside it, and cranes and wild ducks that fly acrossly wing their way over it-and the Aral horses you have been riding, though thirsty enough, will not drink out of this dreadfu mixture. A mist hovers over parts of it al most continually, which, though natural evaportion, seems like a wing of doom spread over liquid desolation. It is the rinsings of among the hills, or creeping with rippies, among the fills, or creeping with riphes, and stenchful with nauseating malodors.

In these regions once stood four great cities of Assyria: Sodon, Gomorrah, Adma and Zeboim. The Bible says they were destroyed by a tempest of fire and brimstone after these cities had filled up with wickedness.

"No, that is absurd," cries some one; "it is widnet that this was a region of salt and evident that this was a region of salt and brimstone and pitch long before that." And so it was. The Bible says it was a region of sulphur long before the great catastrope. "Well, now," says some one, wanting to "Well, now," says some one, wanting to raise a quarrel between science and Revelation, "you have no right to say the cities of the plain were destroyed by a tempest of fire and sulphur and brimstone, because this region had these characteristics long before these cities were destroyed." Volcanic ac-tion, is my reply. These cities had been built out of very combustible materials. The mortar was a bitumen easily ignited, and the walls gripped with pitch most innammable. They sat, I think, on a ridge of hills. They stood high up and conspicuous, radiant in their sins, ostentatious in their debaucheries, four hells on earth.

One day there was a rumbling in the earth, One day there was a handle and a quaking. "What's that?" cry the affrighted inhabitants. "What's that?" The foundations of the earth were giving way. A volcane, whose fires had been burning for ages, at God's command bursts forth, easily setting everything aflame, and first lifting these cities high in the air and then dashing them down in chasms fathomless. The first of that eruption intershot the dense smoke and rolled unto the heaven, only to descend again. And all the configuration of that country was changed, and where there was a hill there came a valley, and where there had been the pomp of uncleanness came widespread desolation. The red hot spade of volcanic action had shoveled under the cities of the plain. Before the catastrophe the cities stood on the top of the salt and sulphur. After the catastrophe they were under the salt and sulphur. Science right; Revelation right. "He toucheth the hills

and they smoke." No science ever frightened believers in Revelation so much as geology. They feared that the strata of the earth would contradict the Scriptures, and then Moses must go un-der. But as in the Dead Sea instance so in all cases God's writing on the earth and God's writing in the Bible are harmonious. The shelves of rock correspond with the shelves of the American Bible Society. Science digs into the earth and finds deep down the remains of plants, and so the Bible announces plants first. Science digs down and says, "Marine animals next," and the Bible says, "Marine animals next." Science digs down and says, "Land animals next." "Then comes man!" says science. "Then comes man." responds the Bible. Science digs into the regions about the Dead Sea, and finds result of fire and masses of brim-

result of fire and masses of brimstone, and announces a wonderful geological formation. "Oh, yes," says the Bible, "Moses wrote thousands of years ago, 'The Lord rained upon Sodom and upon Gomorrah brimstone and fire from the Lord morrah brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven,' and David wrote, 'He toucheth the hills and they smoke.'" So I guess we will hold on to our Bibles a little longer.' A gentleman in the ante-room of the White House, at Washington, having an appointment with Mr. Lincoln at 5 o'clock in the monthing out there fifteen minutes and some contract of the second of ment with Mr. Lincoln at 5 o'clock in the morning, got there fifteen minutes early, and asked the servant, "Who is talking in the next room?" "It is the President, sir." "Is anybody with him?" "No, sir; he is reading the Bible. He spends every morning from 4 to 5 o'clock reading the Scriptures."

My text implies that God controls volcanoes, not with the full force of his hand, but with the tip of his finger. Etna, Stromboll and Vesuvius fawn at his feet like

boll and Vesuvius fawn at his feet like hounds before the hunter. These eruptions of the hills do not belong to Pluto's realm, as the ancients thought, but to the divine do-minions. Humboldt counted two hundred of them, but since then the Indian archipel-ago has been found to have nine hundred of these great mouthpieces. They are on every continent and in all latitudes. That earthquake which shook all America about six or seven summers ago was only the raving ground of volcanoes rushing against the around of volcanoes rushing against the sides of their rocky caverns trying to break out. They must come to the surface, but it will be at the divine call. They seem reserved for the punishment of one kind of sin. The seven cities they have obliterated were celebrated for one kind of transgression. Profligacy was the chief characteristic of the seven cities over which they put their smothering wing: Pompeii, Herculaneum, S. Adma, Zeboim, Sodom and Gomorrab. laneum, Stabiæ,

Adma, Zeboim, Sodom and Gomorran.

If our American cities do not quit their profligacy, if in high life and low life dissoluteness does not cease to be a joke and become a crime, if wealthy libertinism concome a crime, it wearay neerthism con-tinues to find so many doors of domestic life open to its faintest touch, if Russian and French and American literature steeped in pruriency does not get banished from the news stands and ladies' parlors, God will let loose some of these suppressed monsters of the earth. And I tell these American cities the earth. And I tell these American cities that it will be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment, whether that day of judgment be in this present century or in the closing century of the earth's continuance. The volcanic forces are already in existence, but in the mercy of God they are chained in the kennels of subterraneous fire. Yet let profligacy, whether it stagger into a lazaretto or sit on a commercial throne, whether it laugh in a faded shawl under the street gas light or be wrapped in the finest array that foreign in a laded snawl under the street gas light or be wrapped in the finest array that foreign loom ever wrought or lapidary ever im-parled, know right well that there is a vol-cano waiting for it, whether in domestic life or social life or political life or in the foundations of the earth from which sprang out the devastations that swallowed the cities of the "He toucheth the hills and they

smoke."

But the dragoman was rejoiced when we had seen enough of this volcanic region of Palestine, and he gladly tightens the girths for another march around the horses which are prancing and neighing for departure. We are off for the Jordon, only two hours away. We pass Bedouins whose stern features melt into a smile as we give them the salutation Salaam Aleikoum, "Peace be with you," their smile sometimes leaving us in doubt as to whether it is caused by their gladness to see us or by our poor pronunciation of the Arabic. Oh, they are a strange race, those Bedouins. poor pronunciation of the Arabic. On, they are a strange race, those Bedouins. Such a commingling of ruffanism and honor, of cowardice and courage, of cruelty and kindness! When a band of them came down upon a party in which Miss Whately g. and were about to take pocketbooks and perhaps life, this lady, sit-ting upon her horse, took out her note-book and pencil and began to sketch these brigands, and seeing this composure the bandits thought it something supernatural and fled. Christian womanliness or manliness is a

conquering. When Martin Luther was told that Duke George would kill him if he went to Leipsic, Luther replied: "I would go to Leipsic if it rained Duke Georges nine days."

Now we come through regions where there Now we come through regious where re hills cut into the shape of cathedrals, with altar and column and arch and chancel and pulpit and dome and architecture of the rocks that I think can hardly just happen so. Perhaps it is because God loves the church so well, he builds in the solitudes of Yellowstone park and Yosemite and Switzerland and Palestine these ecclesiastical piles. who knows but that unseen spirits may who knows but that unseen spirits may sometimes worship there? "Dragoman, when shall we see the Jordan!" I ask. All the time we were on the alert, and looking through tamarisk and willows for the greatest river of all the earth. The Mississippi is wider, the Ohio is deeper, the Amaron is longer, the Hudson rolls amid regions more picturesque, the Thames has more splendor ou its banks, the Ther suggests more imperial procession, the Ilyssus has more classic memories, and the Nile feeds greater populations by its irrigation, but the Jordan is the queen of rivers, and runs through all the Bible, a silver thread strung like beads with heroics, and before night we shall meet on its banks Elijah and Elisha and David and Jacob and Joshua and John

and Jesus. At last between two trees I got a glimps of a river and said, "What is that?" "The Jordan," was the quick reply. And all along the line which had been lengthened by other pilgrims, some from America, and some from Europe, and some from Asia, the cry was sounded "The Jordan?" The Jordan?" Hundred the words of rilgrims have chanted dreds of thousands of pilgrims have chanted on its banks and bathed in its waters. Many of them dip a wet gown in the waves and wring it out and carry it home for their own shroud. It is an impetuous stream and rushes on as though it were hastening to tell its story to the ages. Many an explorer has it whelmed and many a boat has it wrecked. Lieut. Moloneaux had copper bottomed crafts split upon its shelvings. Only one boat, that of Lieut. Lynch, ever lived to sail the whole length of it. At the season when the snows on Lebanon melt the rage of this stream is like Conemaugh when Johnstown perished, and the wild beast Johnstown perished, and the what Johnstown perished, what Jeremiah says, "Behold, he shall go up like a lion from the swelling of Jordan." No riverso often changes its mind, for it turns and twists, traveling two hundred miles to do that which in a straight line might be done in sixty miles. Among banks now low, now high, now on rocks, now of sand, laving the feet of the terebinths and oleanders and acacias and reeds and pistachios and silver poplars. This river mar-ries the Dead Sea to Lake Gallilee, and did ever so rough a groom take the hand of so

This is the river which parted to let an army of two million Israelites across. the skilled major general of the Assyrian host at the seventh plunge dropped his leprosy not only by miraculous cure, but sug-gesting to all ages that water, and plenty of it, has much to do with the sanitary im-provement of the world. Here is where some theological students of Elisha's time were cutting trees with which to build a theological seminary and an axe head, not theological seminary, and an axe head, not sufficiently wedged to the handle, flew off into the river and sank, and the young man deplored not so much the loss of the axe head as the fact that it was not his own, "Alas! it was borrowed," and the prophet threw a stick into the river, and in defiance of the law of gravitation the iron axe head came to the surface and floated like a cork upon the water, and kept floating until the young man caught it. A miring until the young man caught it. A miracle performed to give one an opportunity to return that which was borrowed, and a rebuke in all ages for those who borrow and never return, their bad habit in this respect so established that it would be a miracle if they did return it. Yea, from the bank of this river Elijiah took a team of fire, showing that the most raging element is servant of the good, and that there is no need that a child of God fear anything, for if the most de-structive of all elements was that day fash-ioned into a vehicle for a departing saint, nothing can ever hurt you who love and trust

I am so glad that that chariot of Elijah was not made out of wood or crystal or any-thing ordinarily pleasant, but out of fire, and yet he went up without having so much as to fan himself. When stepping from amid the foliage of these cleanders and tamarisks on the banks of the Jordan, he put his foot on the banks of the Jordan, he put his foot on the red step of the red equipage, and took the red reins of vapor in his hands, and spurred the galloping steeds toward the wide open gate of heaven, it was a scene forever memorable. So the hottest afflictions of your life may roll you heavenward. So the most burning persecutions, the most flery troubles, may become uplifting. Only be sure that when you pull on the bits of fire you dive up toward God and not down to you drive up toward God and not down to-ward the Dead Sea. When Latimer and Rid-ley died at the stake they went up in a chariot of fire. When my friend P. P. Bliss, the Gospel singer, was consumed with the rail train than broke through Ashtabula bridge and then took flame, I said, "Another

But this river is a river of baptisms.

Christ was here baptized and John baptized many thousands. Whether on these occasions the candidate for baptism and the officer of religion went into this river, and then while both were standing the water was dipped in the hand of one and sprinkled upon the forehead of the other, or whether the entire form of the one baptized disappeared for a moment beneath the surface of the flood, I do not now declare. While I cannot think without deep emotion of the fact that my parents held me in infancy to the baptismal font in the old meeting house at Som-erville and assumed vows on my behalf, I must tell you now of another mode of bap tism observed in the river Jordan on that afternoon in last December, the particulars of which I now for the first time relate.

of which I now for the first time relate.

It was a scene of unimaginable solemnity.

A comrade in our Holy Land journey rode
up by my side that day and told me that a
young man who is now studying for the
Gospel ministry would like to be baptized by
me in the river Jordan. I got all the facts
I could concerning his earnestness and faith,
and through personal examination made myself confident he was a worthy candidate. self confident he was a worthy candidate. There were among our Arab attendants two robes not unlike those used for American paptistries, and these were obtained. As baptistries, and these were obtained. As we were to have a large group of different nationalities present I dictated to my daughter a few verses and had copies enough made to allow all to sing. Our dragoman had a man familiar with the river wade through and across to show the depth and the swiftness of the stream and the most appropriate place for the ceremony. Then I read from the Bible the accounts of baptisms in that sacred stream and implored the presence of the stream, and implored the presence of the Christ on whose head the dove descended at the Jordan. Then as the candidate and myself stepped into the waters the people on the banks sang in full and resounding

On Jordon's stormy banks I stand
And cast a wishful eye
To Cacasn's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions le.
Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight:
Sweet fields arrayed in living green
And rivers of delight.
By this time we had reached the middle of
the river. As the candidate sank under the
floods and rose again under a baptism in the
name of the Father, and the Son, and the
Holy Ghost, there rushed through our souls
a tide of holy emotion such as we shall not a tide of holy emotion such as we shall not probably feel again until we step into the Jordan that divides earth from heaven. Will those waters be deep? Will those tides be strong? No matter if Jesus steps in with us. Friends on this shore to help us off. Friends Friends on this shore to help us off. Friends on the other shore to see us land. See! They are coming down the hills on the other side to grat us. How well we know their step! How easily we distinguish their voices! From bank to bank we hail them with tears and they hail us with palm branches. They say to us, "Is that you, father?" 'Is that you mother?" and we answer by asking, "Is that you, my darling?" How near they seem, and how narrow the stream that divid us us!

Could we but stand where Moses stood And view the landscape o'er, Not Jordan's stream nor Death's cold flood Could fright us from the shore.

The Topsy-turvy Japs. Located as they are on the other side of the earth, what wonder is it that the Japanese should do things in a fashion that looks contrariwise to us? At any rate, this is indeed the case, and I will enumerate a few illustrations of the topsyturvy way in which they do things in that remote and remarkable land. The Japanese books begin upon the page where our books end; the page which we call the title page they utilize for the colophon or finis. In the subscription of a letter the Japanese begin with the name of the country to which the letter is to be sent; then follows the city, then the local address, and, finally, the name of the receiver, thus: America, Illinois, Chicago, 112 Jones street, Smith, John. This, after all, makes an easier job for the postoffice employes-this descent from the general into the particular. In Japan babies are carried not in the arms but upon the back. Etiquette compels the removal of the shoes rather than the doffing of the hat. Boats are stranded with their sterns, inscead of their prows, on the shore. Instead of saying northeast, or southwest, the Japanese say east-north or west-south. Wine is always drunk before, not after, dinner, and sweets are served before the substantial viands of a meal. In all books the foot-notes occur at the top of the page; keys turn to the left, carpenters plane toward the body instead of outward, and in cash accounts the figures are written first and the corresponding item next. The Japanese mount the horse from the right side, the harness is fastened in all parts on that side, and the mane is brushed and made to grow that way. In his stall the horse is placed with his head outward and his food is always served at the stable door from a tub. In Japan women fall in love with actors, but never a man with an actress. Among Japanese women the penchant is to sew on laces, cuffs, and frills topsy-turvy and wrong side out .-Chicago News.

A Cheerfal Old Pickpocket. For a fine and cheerful old pickpocket commend me to Karl Lehmann, aged seventy-five years, who was condemned recently in Berlin, Germany, to three years' imprisonment for stealing a lady's purse while she was flourishing her handkerchief at the Emperor during the parade of the guards. Lehmann remarked with dignity, more in sorrow than in anger, when he heard the sentence: "I have served the State faithfully during thirty-five years' imprisonment and I am obliged to you that it is three and not six years. I shall no doubt survive this sentence and get liberated in time to secure an honest man's burial."-Chicago

Just after midnight, a compositor in the office of the Bombay Gazette, who had been for three weeks on a spree, imagined he heard a strange noise. Looking at a window over his head, he saw a huge cobra slowly entering the composing room. He imagined that the vision was caused by an attack of | read in the newspapers two-column acdelirium tremens, and that the snake counts of the dinners which Cyrus now was merely the product of a diseased and then gives to a few hungry lords in brain. Still he was so terrified that he London, which accounts Cyrus cables had to scream. His cry brought his associates to his rescue, and the snake | be glad to know that he is so free from was killed with an iron bar.

# RELIGIOUS READING.

THIS IS NOT YOUR REST. Not in this weary world of ours Can perfect rest be found; Thorns mingle with the fairest flowers, Even on cultured ground; Earth's pilgrim still his loins must gird

To seek a lot more blest. And this must be his onward word-"In heaven alone is rest."

-Bernard Barton.

"THUS SAITH THE LORD." The following from the London Commonwealth could be read to advantage by some preachers on this side of the Atlantic. "He that hath a dream let him tell a dream" in the proper place, and with the honest declaration that it is a dream. But he who is the ambassedor for Christ sent with offers the ambassador for Christ, sent with offers of mercy and forgiveness to rebels under condemnation, stands in too sacred a re-ation to God and to immortal souls to trifle away his time in such puerile and ruinous folly: as the rehearsing of learned specula tions about the origin of evil or the evolu-tions of creatures or post-mortem probation. He has pressing truths to declare, im-perative demands to make, and solemn ac-

counts to render.

He stands between the living and the He stands between the living and the dead; the destroying angel is on the wing, and it is only the sprinkled blood that can save. These are fearful realities, requiring instant attention, and if he is true to his Master, to himself, and to his audience, he will not turn aside I ke the prophet of Judah, and to the invitation of any theory however. at the invitation of any theory, however plausible, to say a word that cannot have the support of "Thus saith the Lord." Thus only can he save himself and those who hear him.

### THE LORD'S DAY.

Many pleasurable enjoyments are proper on the secular days of the week, in which Christians can and do engage without prejudice to their Christian profession. But when their convictions oblige them to object to these things on their sacred day, ought not their scruples to be regarded? It must be remembered who these persons are. They are the supporters of good government; they are the supporters of good government; they are law-abiding citizens; they are those who seek the welfare of their fellow-men, and world not deny to others the benefit of their scruples touching any matter, so long as the general interests of society and the convictions of the majority are not unnecessarily

It is on this ground that Christians should be heard in reference to all forms of Sab-bath desecration so common during the summer months. They object to all things that obstruct sacred work in behalf of others; in training the youth in virtuous principles, and in efforts to rescue the drunkard from his evil habits. It is safe to affirm—and we are more and more strengthened in this bevation of his weekly rest-day to this very class; that is, to those who hold that this is the Lord's day, and are endeavoring to act in accordance with that conviction.—[New York Christian advocate. lief-that the working-man owes the preser

THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG. There is something wrong if the members of your family have to hear you talk in class meeting to find out that you are a Christian. There is something wrong if the people in your employ speak of you as an old skinflint.

There is something wrong if you never go to church except when you feel like it.

There is something wrong if you don't know to-day whether you would go to heaven or not in case of death. There is something wrong if you don't pay

your debts, if you are able to.

There is something wrong if you are always splitting bairs with the Lord in money matters.

There is something wrong if you never mention the name of Jesus outside of prayer

meeting.
There is something wrong if you never pray except when you have to.
There is something wrong if you never go to church in bad weather.
There is something wrong if you haven't got any more religiou today than you had

en years ago.
There is something wrong if you feel spite-

ful whenever you see another woman wear-ing a better hat than you do.

There is something wrong if you never tell your husband you are sorry you blowed him up for coming into the house with muddy oots on. There is something wrong if you are not

a good deal more anxious about getting other people to heaven than you are to get there yourself - [Ram's Horn.

## THE KINSHIP OF CHRISTIANS.

Christ said: "Whosoever shall do the same is my brother and sister and mother.' How comprehensive and inclusive this is! It apeaks of vital kinship which exists be ween the unnumbered hosts of God's people in all the world. There is a spiritual unity, unseen by the natural eye, which pervades the vast company of the redeemed of Dr. Joseph Parker of London says: "The

Christian religion never divides men—never splits up the human family and belittles our human relations. The Christian religion would have us all brought into a common sympathy, united by a common spirit of loyalty to the same saviour. . . Be no longer strangers and foreigners, but of the household of God. We are not isolated individuals; we grasp hands with the ages, the glorious company of the apostles, the holy band of the prophets before them, the noble army of martyrs uniting them both, the holy church, throughout all the world—this is the household of God.

"Beauteous picture! Tender relationship!" And how sacred ought such a relationship!" dividuals; we grasp hands with the ages,

And how sacred ought such a relationship to be held! Think of the great truth that this kinship was made possible only by the life-blood of the Son of Gou! His blood runs, as it were in the spiritual veins of all who are his true brethren and sisters. Surely, this fact ought to make all Christians love each other with a true and tender and for-bearing love. Let us strive to show that we are worthy of such a kinship.—[Rev. C. H.

PRACTICAL RELIGION.

Practical Religion will yet rectify mechanism and toil. A time will come when a man will work as faithfully by the job as he

does by the day. You say when a thing is slightly done, "Oh, that was done by the job." You can tell by the swiftness or slowness with which a hackman drives whether he is hired by the hour or by the excursion. It he is hired by the hour he drives your slowly so my to make as many

drives very slowly so as to make as many hours as possible. If he is hired by the ex-

hours as possible. If he is hired by the ex-cursion he whips up the horses so as to get

around and get another customer.

All styles of work have to be inspected.
Ships inspected, horses inspected, machinery

inspected. Bess to watch the journeyman. Capitalist coming down unexpectedly to watch the boss. Conductor of a city car sounding the bell-punch to prove his hones-

ty as a passenger hands to him a clipped nickel. All things must be watched and in-

spected. Imperfections in the wood covered

that fields on unity of real that the little tap-ter. Spavined horses, by skilfill dose of jockeys, for several days made to look spry. Wagon tires poorly put on. Horses poorly shod. Plastering that cracks without any provocation and falls off. Plumbing that needs to be plumbed. Imperfect car-wheel

that halts the whole train with a hot box.

So little practical religion in the mechanism

of the world. The law of man will never

rectify these things. It will be the all-per-vading influence of the practical religion of

Jesus Christ that will make the change for the better.-[Talmage.

CYRUS W. FIELD carries two watches.

one a cheap affair, which he uses, and

the other a timepiece worth \$2,500, a

gift of a friend, which he never takes

from its fob, because, his friends say, he

dislikes vulgar show. People who have

over very carefully at his own cost, will

the petty vice of vanity.

Mr. Croft's countenance grew more disturbed than ever. "Well, I swan to goodness if that ain't

back." "No, uncle, don't do that," said

Zephyr. But, I tell ye what, my girl," said have."

And as she tottered off, he turned to his "See, Zephyr, there's your money!"

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR NOVEMBER 16.

Lesson Text: "Jesus Condemned,"

Luke xrii., 13-25-Golden Text; Isa, liii. 8-Commentary. 13. "And Pilate when he had called together the chief priests and the rulers and the people." Pilate has not escaped from his dilemma. Although he has made friends with Herod, through Jesus rejected, he has not yet made friends with the Jews, and Jesus is again hefore him to be disposed of

is again before him to be dispos

There is a greater question than that of friendship or enmity with people either in high or low places on this earth, and that question, "What shall I do with Jesus," Pilate must now attend to and settle forever. The same matter is before every one who has heard that Gospel, and while it may be post-poned, and God in great mercy continue His poned, and God in great mercy continue His long suffering, yet the time will come when it must be settled in one way or the other.

14. "Ye have brought this man unto me as one that perverteth the people; and, behold, I, having examined Him before you, have found no fault in this man, touching those things whereof ye accuse Him." This is Pilate's second testimony to His innocence (see vs. 5), and on the Jews, who have plainly failed in their case against Jesus; for Pilate insists that their accusations against this man are unfounded, and that He is innocent

insists that their accusations against this man are unfounded, and that He is innocent of the things laid to His charge. What a record this is against the Jews and in favor of Jesus, and it stands in the eternal word of 15. "No, nor yet Herod, for I sent you to him, and lo, nothing worthy of death is done unto Him." Here is the strong testimony of two Roman Governors against the accusation of the Jews and in favor of Jesus. Even though it had been otherwise, and both had thought to have found some cure of death in Him, while that would have made

these governors to be on the side of the Jews, it would have proved nothing against Jesus, for no man knoweth the Son save the Father.

16. "I will therefore chastise Him and re-lease Him." Insisting that He was innocent, yet ready to chastise Him, even though he should the next moment release Him. How strange and inexplainable it all seems! And yet they treated the apostles thus a little later, when, being able to prove nothing against them, and being advised by Gamallet to let them alone, before they let them go they took them and beat them. (Acts

40.)

17. 'For of necessity he must release one unto them at the feast.' And gladly would he improve this opportunity to set Jesus free. John xviii., 39, st tes it thus: "Ye have a custom that I should release unto you one at the passover. Will ye therefore that I release unto you the King of the Jews?" We are not told how this custom arose, nor how long it had been a custom; but when we remember that over two millions of people had been released from cruel bondage by the first passover it is interesting to notice ple bad been released from cruel bondage by
the first passover it is interesting to notice
the faintest shadow of a reminder of this by
the release of one prisoner from bondage at
each passover feast; and it seems that the
choice of prisoners lay with them.

18. "And they cried out all at once, saying,
Away with this man, and release unto us
Barabbas." In Matt. xxvii., 20, it is said
that this was the advice of the chiefs priest
and elders. How they hated Jesus! How,
they thirsted for His blood. Surely they are
like wolves and lions, and the dogs which in

like wolves and lions, and the dogs which in a few moments left nothing of Jezabel but the skull and feet and palms of her hands (II Kings, ix. 35).

19. "Who for a certain sedition made in the

(11 Kings, ix. 50).

19. "Who for a certain sedition made in the city and for murder was cast into prison." And this is the man of their choice. A robber (John xviii., 40) and a murderer. If like attracts like, then we see how it was. They were all robbers in the highest degree, for they were guilty of robbing God (Mal. iii. 8, 9), and had even made His temple a den of thieves or robbers (Luke xix., 46). And as to their being murderers. "The that hateth his brother is a murderer?" (I John iii., 15), and they were not only hating Jesustheir brother, but Jesus their King and their God. Truly they were as He said, "Of their father the devil, who was a murderer from the beginning, a liar and the father of it" (John viii., 44) And they were now acting like good children of such a father.

20. "Pilate therefore, willing to release Jesus, spake again to them." It may have been just here that they said: "We have a law, and by our law He ought to die, because He made Himself the Son of God."

For when Pilate heard that saying he was the more afraid (John xix., 7, 8). And as he talked with Jesus privately Jesus said "Thou couldst have no power against Me, except it were given thee from above; therefore he that delivered Me unto thee therefore he that delivered Me unto thee hath the greater sin." It is said that from thenceforth Pilate sought to release Him (John xix., 11, 12) But if he was willing to release Him and sought to release Him, why did he not do it? If he could have pleased everybody by doing so it would have been done, but because he had not the courage to do right, because he could not do what he knew to be right and yet be pleasing to all, he hesitates and struggles on in his vain en-

he hesitates and struggles on in his vain enne nestates and struggles on in ms vain en-deavor.

21. "But they cried, saying, Crucify Him, Crucify Him," or they continued crying Crucify Him." They had but one desire concerning Him, and to all else they were deaf and blind. Die He must, and they would not cease till it was accomplished. oh, that the followers of Jesus had in His cause the persistence and zeal which the fol-wers of the devil have in hiszavica Than would the Gospel soon be preached in all the world for a witness, and the kingdom would

eome.

22. "And he said unto them the third time.
Why what evil hath He done? I have found no cause of death in Him. I will therefore chastise Him and let Him go." Well, Pilate, what does your three-fold testimony to His innocence and your two-fold threat to chastise Him and let Him go amount to if you do not let Him go? In the name of all that is right, let Him go without chastisement, since you are sure that He is innocent, or else cease your efforts, confess yourself a else cease your efforts, confess yourself a coward and gratify quickly these bloodthirsty

dogs.

23. "And they were instant with loud voices, requiring that He might be crucified.

And the voices of them and of the chief priests prevailed." John gives some addipriests prevailed." John gives some addipriests prevailed." John gives some additional arguments which the Jews used, probably about this time. "The Jews cried out, saying, If thou let this man go, thou art not Cæsar's friend. Whosoever maketh himself.a king speaketh against Cæsar." When Pilate heard that he brought Jesus forth. And when they added "We have no forth. And when they added, "We have no king but Cæsar," that settled it (John xix., 12, 15). A little while before it was Barab-

12, 15). A little while before it was Barabbas, a robber and murderer, instead of Christ; and now it is this world's emperor instead of Christ. So the world and the devil prevailed, and still the Creator of all things humbles Himself to endure.

24. "And Pilate gave sentence that it should be as they required." He knew no higher power than Cæsar, and him he will honor (but only for the sake of his position), let who may go to the wall. But Pilate has not an easy conscience about it yet, for "he not an easy conscience about it yet, for "he took water and washed his hands before the spected. Imperfections in the wood covered with putty. Garments warranted to last until you put them on the third time. Shoddy in all kinds of clothing. Chromos. Pinehbeck. Diamonds for a dollar and a half. Bookbindery that holds on until you read the third chapter. Spaying horses by skilful dose of multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person; see ye to it."

25. "And he released unto them him that for sedition and murder was cast into prison, whom they had desired, but he delivered Jesus to their will." Read Matt. xxvii. 26-Jesus to their will." Read Matt. xxvii., 28-31; and see your Jesus, your Saviour, who loves you as father or mother never did nor could; see Him scourged (mark its meaning), crowned with thorns, spit upon, smitten, mocked; and say do you care? is it anything to you? And it so, how much? How much can you bear for His sake? How much can you meekly bear of the unkind or even cruel will of others? And are you so glad of the redemption which He thus purchased for you redemption which He thus purchased for you that you never cease telling of it from day to day?—Lesson Helper.

THEODORE TILTON is described by a lady who recently saw him in the new Salon in Paris. He has grown stout, and his long white hair was pushed behind his ears, and his face had a restful look peculiar to men of leisure. He was sauntering around, seemingly unconcerned about people or pictures, and only caring to while away a moment of

Even the caterpillar has to hump himself if he wants to make any pro-